

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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FUN WITH SNOW.

THERE is nothing that pleases children better than a good fall of snow. The Wilkins children are like others in this respect, and whenever a good snow-storm comes they have a gay time. They take their sleds out upon the hill and coast by the hour together. They build snow forts strong enough to shield them against anybody that is likely to attack them, and snow houses almost large enough for a family to live in. Sometimes they make snow images that look as natural as life, and at other times they roll up great balls of snow as large as wagon wheels.

In the picture you see two great balls of snow which John and George have rolled up. John is still rolling his over to make it larger, but George, who has worked without mittens, has stopped to blow his hands, for they are nearly frozen.

Mary, who is a droll girl, says the two great balls would make two wheels of a chariot for Happy New Year to ride in. She is always saying such queer things, and makes much sport in this way.

Mr. Wilkins is thinking what he can say when the children have grown tired of play and seated themselves around the fire. Perhaps he will tell them of some of the uses

of snow, and how it is formed of vapor in the air, and what strange and beautiful shapes the snow-flakes have. We are sorry that he has his hands in his pockets, for it makes him look awkward and ill-mannered; besides, it is a bad example for his bright, genteel-looking boys. It is a habit which he formed when a boy, and which we hope the boys who read "The Dayspring" will be careful not to form. How much more like a man of learning and refinement he would look if his hands were where they ought to be!

While Mr. Wilkins is getting ready to talk about snow we want to teach a lesson from these great snowballs. When the two boys began to roll them up they were not bigger than apples; soon they grew as large as pumpkins; then as large as wagon wheels; and if they were to be rolled long enough, they would become as large as the largest wheel you ever saw. So it is with most of our habits, both good and bad. They have a small beginning, but keep on growing until they seem to be a part of our nature. How careful we ought to be, then, to form good habits and avoid bad ones.

I WOULD rather suffer for speaking the truth, than that the truth should suffer for want of my speaking. — *John Pym.*

For The Dayspring.

HOW WILLIE GOT HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY A. J. H.

IT was real mean in him, wasn't it?" exclaimed Charlie, just as Miss Cooper entered her Sunday-school class a little earlier than usual one Sunday in the last of November. Charlie stopped, blushed, and a subdued giggle ran around the class. Miss Cooper smiled, and remarking that meanness was a dreadful fault in any one, asked Charlie who it was that was "*real mean*." Charlie dropped his eyes, and remained quiet; but Miss Cooper repeated her question, so Charlie had to answer her. "Why, Willie Babcock; I didn't say he was *very mean*." Now, as Willie's father was sick, and Miss Cooper knew that he couldn't come to Sunday school that day, she thought it a good time to impress a lesson on the minds of her little boys; so she replied, "Tell me just what you have been saying about Willie, for I don't believe you understand him." Charlie then told how Saturday morning he and Fred met Willie with a large basket, and as they stopped to say "How d'ye do?" they heard a rustle and funny noise in the basket, and asked Willie what it was. At this, Willie suddenly started on, and said he must not stop another minute, — and it was only chickens, he knew, and Willie did it to plague them.

Miss Cooper heard him through, and then said she had been to see Willie's father the afternoon before, and had found Willie crying. His father said he felt badly because in the morning, as he was carrying some of Colonel Asheny's choice

tropical birds from his aviary to a friend, with particular directions not to open the basket or to tell any one what he had until he had reached Mr. Snow's, he had met two of his Sunday-school friends on the way, who thought he was mean not to tell them what he had, and had called him "stingy" (here Charlie and Fred blushed). Miss Cooper noticed this quietly, but went on; and she said Mr. Babcock had remarked he was doubly sorry this had happened, as Willie had been very good that morning, giving up all his little earnings, with which he had intended to buy a pair of skates, to his mother to buy some grapes and other little things that the doctor had advised for his sick father.

Just here the Sunday school was called to order, and Miss Cooper distributed the singing-books, and her boys stood up to sing. When the opening exercises were over, and Miss Cooper was listening to the reading of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, she suddenly stopped Charlie as he read "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and asked, "Charlie, what does that mean?"

"Why," says Charlie, slowly, "I don't know."

"I do," says Dannie, speaking up quickly, "my father told me. He said it meant, if we do any kind thing to anybody, Jesus thinks just as much of it as if we had done it to him; and if we hurt anybody's feelings, we are just as naughty as if we had done some unkind thing to him."

"Miss Cooper," said Charlie, half under his breath, "was I unkind to Jesus yesterday?"

Miss Cooper smiled. "What do *you* think?" she answered. "What is it that we are all looking forward to now?" she asked, turning to the other boys.

"Christmas!" they all exclaimed.

"Or Christ's birthday," she added.

"Now, how can you all give him a present he would like?"

The class was still a few minutes. Then Charlie spoke up as if he had a pleasant thought: "Why, to give something nice to somebody that hasn't any Christmas."

"Can you think of any one?" asked Miss Cooper.

"Yes, I was just thinking of Willie," said Charlie; "I wished he could have his skates; he's a first-rate skater, and now that Johnny White can walk again he'll want his skates himself, — and Mr. Babcock can't get his children any presents this year, my mamma says."

The Rev. Mr. Brown struck the bell, so Miss Cooper told the boys to wait a few minutes after Sunday school, as she had something to tell them.

As they clustered around her with expectant faces, she asked, "How many of you boys would like Willie to have his skates?"

"I should!" exclaimed every boy.

"Well," said Miss Cooper, "if you would all earn a little money, you could buy him a pair together."

"Why, Miss Cooper, how nice! could we, really?" exclaimed several little voices.

"I don't know how we could earn enough in time," said Jamie, "and go to school every day except Saturdays."

Miss Cooper was silent for a few moments, and then said: "I can help you out of that difficulty. I am having a new bookcase made, and, next Saturday, if you all come to my house and work for half a day lifting and dusting books, I'll pay you each a quarter; and if that don't make enough, — as I guess it will, — why, I'll add some, for I want him to have the skates."

"I shall look for you at eight o'clock," she said, as the boys left her after a little more consultation as to ways and means of carrying out the plan.

Promptly at eight o'clock the next Saturday morning ten happy faces presented themselves at Miss Cooper's front door. It is impossible for old or young not to feel happy when they are starting to do some kind deed for some one else.

The girl took the boys into a bright, sunny study, where Miss Cooper sat, with some gay worsteds in her lap, very suggestive of Christmas presents.

After she had divided the work so that some could dust, while others lifted the books down from an old bookcase up to the new one, she again took her seat, and talked pleasantly to the boys, who worked as industriously as little beavers. They had evidently been learning the verse that runs: —

"Moments are useless,
If trifled away;
So work while you work,
And play while you play."

The noon whistles blew just as they were giving the finishing touches, turning right side up here and there a book that had accidentally stood on its head, and been too much hurt at this indignity to utter any complaint.

Miss Cooper made out a bill, just like grown people's bills: —

MISS COOPER,	Dr.
To her S. S. class for half a day's work,	\$2 50.
Dec. 5, 1878.	Received payment,
	CHARLIE, for the class.

Charlie signed his name, as above, after they had received the money, and he had been commissioned to buy the skates next week, when Mr. Bernard got in his new holiday stock. It was agreed that Christmas eve Miss Cooper should send over the

skates with a bundle of her own, so that Willie should suspect nothing.

Christmas eve Mrs. Babcock received a package, with this note :—

THE skates are for Willie. Please put them where he will see them the first thing when he wakes up.

CHARLIE, FRED, WINNIE, SAM,
WALTER, EDDIE, JAMIE,
DANNIE, FRANK, ALBERT.

P. S. Tell him to come and try them to-morrow morning on Mr. White's pond. Some of us fellows will be there.

Christmas morning, Miss Cooper walked with a friend towards Mr. White's pond, anxious to get a peep at the happy faces that she felt sure would be there. Willie was just putting on his skates as she came up, his face fairly sparkling with merriment and content. The boys were standing in a group around him.

Willie looked up as soon as he heard Miss Cooper speak, and his voice sounded a little choky as he said, "How did you all know I wanted skates more than any thing else? My! but they're fine fellows," he added, looking down at his skates with an admiring glance.

Miss Cooper hastily drew out her watch, saying, "You boys all take a run down to the bend and back, while I time you."

As the boys glided swiftly away, she turned with a smile to her friend, and remarked, "I wonder *which* of those boys is the happiest."

MANY Bible scholars are puzzled to remember the order of the four Epistles of Paul which are arranged between Corinthians and Thessalonians. This difficulty may be removed once for all by noting that the Epistles follow each other in the natural order of the vowels *a, e, i, o*. Thus: Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians.

For The Dayspring.

IDLE KATE IN VERSE.

"I wish the sun was shining,
I do not like the rain,"
Said idle Kattie, watching
The drops upon the pane.

"I promised to go shopping
With Isabel and Sue;
And now it's raining, raining,
I don't know what to do.

"I've practised all my music,
And read the papers through;
I've watered the canaries, —
There's nothing more to do."

Then in walked twelve crash towels,
And sang, in jolly rhyme,
"You promised you would hem us
Whenever you found time.

"And here you are complaining
There's nothing you can do:
Run, get your thread and needle,
The day is not half through."

Just then she heard a rapping
Upon the parlor door;
And, when Miss Kattie opened,
Two boots hopped on the floor,

And said, "We've lost six buttons,
So thought we'd come to you;
Because we heard you saying
You'd nothing more to do.

"Beside, did you not promise
That you would sew them on
Whenever you found leisure?
And near a month is gone."

And now, in some confusion,
From out the bureau drawer
There came all sorts of knick-knacks,
But none without a flaw.

Three pairs of gloves mismated,
Some stockings much the same,
Some ruffles badly rumpled, —
Ah me! who was to blame?

They walked straight up to Kattie,
And said, in voice quite gruff,
"You promised you would right us,
When you found time enough."

Kate blushed with shame and anger,
And tried to hide her face,
Whene'er she thought of bringing
Herself to such disgrace.

But soon her brave heart conquered;
She looked the things all o'er,
And made her drawers more tidy
Than e'er they'd been before.

She took her thread and needle,
And sewed the buttons on;
Then hemmed the twelve crash towels
Before the day was gone.

Then Kate felt proud and happy,
And said, at close of day,
She ne'er again would fritter
Her precious time away.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

ONLY ONE.—There was but one crack in the lantern, and the wind found it out, and blew out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine, and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel, and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body; one sin destroy the soul.

Laziness grows on people: it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

Frowns blight young children as frosty nights blight young plants.

HUMOROUS.

THE grandma of a little four-year-old had been telling her one day not to say that people lied, but rather that they were mistaken. Her grandma, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was a tough one to believe. After she had finished, the little girl looked up into her face, and exclaimed, "Grandma, that is the biggest mistaken I ever heard."

AN honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village doctor's one evening, when there was music, vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, Mr. Jones, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?" "Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate!"

"MA," said a little four-year-old, "I saw something run across the kitchen floor, this morning, without any legs. What do you think it was?" The mother guessed various legless worms and things, and then gave it up, when the little fellow said, "Why, ma, it was water."

"I don't see how there ever came to be so many words in the world!" exclaimed a girl who was studying her spelling-lesson. "Why, sis," said her brother, "they come through folks quarreling. Then, you know, one word always brings on another."

"PA," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a great deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you're hard pushed," as the boy said to the needle.

For The Dayspring.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"I SHOULD like to take all my dolls and go on a journey," said May Aldrich.

"Where would you go?" asked her mamma.

"I s'pose to California, or Europe, or New York."

"Then you want to go on a long journey?"

"Course I do; I want to travel days, and days, and days."

"But that would cost money."

"Well, I dess my papa or my uncle James would dive me money. The biggest bozzer is about the dolls; they need so many new cloze."

There was nothing more said about May's journey. But Mrs. Aldrich noticed that her little daughter was very busy cutting and sewing her dolls' clothes. So busy indeed that she scarcely had time to say her lesson from her alphabet blocks.

A day or two after, uncle James came to the house, and May was seen talking to him very earnestly. She climbed into his lap and kissed him, and pretty soon she was jingling two bright silver pieces in her little purse.

"Money for my journey," she said to her mother, holding up the pretty bits of coin.

And now what do you think little four-year-old May did? I will tell you. She put all her dolls into their carriage, and started for California. She had her money in her pocket, and she thought she could easily find the way alone. O, what fun it was to be travelling all by herself! The road was bordered with wild flowers, and the meadows were covered with white daisies, and red clover, and the sky was as blue as May's own blue eyes.

She had not gone far before one doll tipped out.

"You naughty creature," she said. "It isn't right to jump out of the cars when you go on a journey. Some day you will break your bones, then what you think you will do? I guess you wouldn't like to go to a hospital."

A little farther on, the carriage rolled against a stone, and all the dolls rolled out into the dirt. Then May scolded them again, and told them that they didn't deserve to go to California.

By and by she grew hungry. "I didn't s'pose California was so far," she said. "I shall know it when I get there cause there's gold all in the streets. Gold bacelets, and ear-rings, and locket; cousin Ned said so. O dear, I wish I was there."

On the little thing trudged dragging her dolls; but by and by she grew very tired and sat down, leaving the little carriage right in the middle of the road. She chatted a little to herself, then she dropped her pretty head and fell fast asleep. Now what do you think happened? A gentleman came along, driving a span of horses, and ran straight over the poor dolls! Some had their heads broken, some their arms, and all were terribly wounded and covered with dirt.

The gentleman stopped and picked up the poor creatures.

Just then May woke up.

"Those dolls been jumping out again?" she said in a stern tone, rubbing her eyes with her dimpled fists. They never shall go to California with me again."

"Where?" asked the gentleman.

"To California, of course. That's where we started to go. But the dolls are too dirty and broke now. I s'pose we must go back and start anoizzer time."

"Where do you live, little one?"

"In a house, of course. A white house with roses all over."

"Will you get into my carriage, and let me carry you home? I'm afraid your mother will be frightened about you. Perhaps you can show me the way."

"Of course I will. I like to ride. But you must take the poor dollies. Strange they don't bleed when they's so broke!"

Soon they were in the carriage, dolls, doll-wagon, and all, going at full speed.

Presently they met May's papa and uncle James, who were looking for the runaway.

"There's papa!" screamed May. "What you want, papa?"

"I want you. Where have you been, naughty May?"

"Been started for California. But I dot to sleep and he run over my dollies."

The gentleman laughed and told Mr. Aldrich where he had found his little daughter. Then they all went home and found poor mamma terribly frightened.

A few days after, the gentleman who picked May up sent her a lovely little gold locket. He said he had no little girl, and he should like May for his baby friend.

"I s'pose I'll be his friend," said May; "but I dess I'm not a baby."

The powers of memory of a horse were illustrated at Rochester, N. Y., the other day, where the driver of a hook and ladder truck tried an experiment to test them. Three and a half years ago the city sold a team of horses that had been used for drawing this truck, and since then they have been employed at different work. The other day the driver took the horses into the truck house and turned them loose, whereupon each went directly to his own stall, and when a gong was sounded ran out and took their accustomed position at the tongue of the machine.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

IN the picture on the next page you see a dog, a cat, and a bird living together as contented and happy as they can be. The bird stayed in the garden near the house through the summer, and did a great deal of good eating worms and insects. When the weather grew cold he took refuge in the shed that joins the house. Here he stayed for a while, and neither the dog nor the cat troubled him, but regarded him as a pleasant companion. When it became very cold the bird ventured one day into the kitchen, where the dog and cat were lying by the fire. He was timid at first, but soon found that he was as safe in the kitchen as in the shed or the garden. The dog and cat instead of fighting him were glad of his company. He now makes the kitchen his home, and dog, cat, and bird often eat from the same dish, and always are kind to one another.

Cannot brothers and sisters learn a lesson from these animals? If they who are by nature so different can live together in peace and goodwill, ought not children who belong to the same family and have so much good instruction to be kind and loving to each other all the time, and do all they can for each other's happiness?



For The Dayspring.

MINNIE AND HER DOG.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

MINNIE'S father was a miller, and she lived in a funny little house, where she could see from the windows the blue, winding river, shaded by larches and elms, the old mill, and the horses and wagons standing near, with bags of corn waiting for grinding.

It was a pleasant place in summer, shady and cool; and even in winter, when the trees were bare, except for shining icicles, and the beautiful white snow mantled the earth, Minnie had good times in plenty. She was a hardy little girl, and played out of doors much of the time. She had many a sleigh ride, and no one liked coasting and snowballing better than she.

Her little sister was a baby as yet, but she had her school-mates and pets to play with, and was seldom lonely.

Minnie and Brownie, her pet spaniel, were almost always together. Brownie sat by her side at meals, and even slept on the foot of her bed. In all her rides and walks he went with her, excepting only to church and school. In all her plays, and visits to her little friends, he had a share and a welcome.

He was a pretty dog, with eyes large and brown, like Minnie's own, drooping ears, and shining brown coat, with white cuffs and bosom.

He carried Minnie's basket or doll for her, ran races with her, and played hide and seek, and would run upstairs and get her mittens or scarf, for he understood almost every thing she said to him. When her father came in, tired from his day's work, Minnie and Brownie were always ready to welcome him. The little girl drew his easy-chair to the fire, took his coat, and

helped him on with his dressing-gown; and Brownie brought his slippers, one at a time, from the closet. He always remembered where they were kept. Sometimes Minnie would tell him to ring the bell for dinner or tea, which he did by shaking it in his mouth. And if the doors were not latched, he would open or shut them, by pushing with his nose.

Brownie was not a large dog; but he did his best to guard the house and mill at night, by barking if he heard any suspicious noise; and a barking dog, *in the house*, is one of the things burglars most fear; because he is out of their reach, and will certainly rouse the family; so they take themselves off when they hear one.

Minnie loved her gray kitten, and played with her a good deal; but she would not mind her as Brownie did. She loved Minnie, but she liked her own way, too, and when she was sleepy, and not at all hungry, she wouldn't stir, for all the little girl's coaxing, except to lift her furry head a moment, stretch out her white paws, and curl down again. There was a large old-fashioned chair, with cushioned back and sides, in the room Minnie's mother occupied, and kitty dearly loved to sleep in that chair. Mamma had told Minnie to be sure that pussy was not left in the room over night, or when she was going out, so she would say,

"Come, Kitty Clover, you must go downstairs now."

But kitty wouldn't move, till Minnie took her up and carried her. She often had other things in her hands; a story-book, or her mother's work-basket, or a shawl. Then she would put kitty at the top of the stairs, and tell Brownie to make her go down. He did not bark at her, but pushed her gently with his nose, one step at a time.

One day Minnie's mother found she had lost a ten-dollar bill. It was a serious thing to her; for ten-dollar bills were not plenty in the miller's house. She looked for it a long time, and then sat down to her sewing, trying to think of some place she had not already searched. While she was going over in her mind everywhere she had been, that day and the day before, Brownie came to her side and pulled her dress. She was hurrying with her work, and feeling too badly on account of her loss, to care to play with him just then; so she did not notice him. He pulled again, and she said, "Good dog, Brownie! go away now."

But Brownie, though usually quick to obey, only pulled again.

She looked down, and found he had something in his mouth, which he wanted her to take. She did so, and unrolled her lost bill.*

In warm weather, Brownie liked to go into the water; and Minnie and her little friends had a great deal of pleasure in seeing him bathe, and swim after sticks, which they threw in for him to bring back. Minnie had a brood of ducks, which were most of the time swimming about in the river. She would take corn and bits of bread in her little basket, or let Brownie carry it; and she and her playmates would sit down on a log, which lay near the water, and see the ducks catch crumbs on the surface. They were very tame, and sometimes would waddle up on the bank, and eat from the little girl's hands.

Minnie had pigeons, too, and chickens, — little, downy, yellow puff-balls, that she fed three times a day with warm dough. Brownie would not hurt them. No, indeed! The large chickens and the pigeons often came round his plate when he was

eating his dinner, and the doves even perched on his back and head.

No wonder that Minnie loved her faithful little dog. She had once sprained her ankle badly, nutting in the woods, some distance from the house. She could not walk without severe pain; and Brownie ran home, and brought her father. He carried her in his arms, and called in the doctor immediately. Minnie was brave and patient, and Brownie helped her to be so. During the fortnight that the little girl had to lie on the sofa, and keep her foot still, her faithful dog scarcely left her. He would sit by her side, with his beautiful brown eyes on her face; and when she was tired of reading and looking at pictures, or sewing her doll's patchwork, she would take him in her arms, and talk to him and pet him.

Sometimes at twilight, when the room was still, her mother would come in with her supper, and find her asleep, while Brownie, hardly stirring, was "keeping guard;" and he did not like it if she was waked.

But I have not told you yet what the miller's family loved Brownie for most of all.

Perhaps you wonder that the little girl was allowed to play so near the river. Was not her mother anxious, lest she should fall in? No; Minnie had grown very careful, for she *had fallen in*, and though it was years ago, she had never forgotten her terror and distress. Brownie was not large enough to pull her out, as a strong Newfoundland would have done, but he did the best he could. Without an instant's delay, he dashed into the mill, barking frantically, seized her father's coat, and pulled him, turned and ran a few steps, came back and pulled again, barking, and looking in his face with an earnest,

* A fact.

pleading expression. Then he started again, looking back to see if he were followed, and bounded, at full speed, to the river. In he plunged, and as the little form rose to the surface, he grasped the dress, and held Minnie's head above water, till her father's arm was around her.

While her mother and the rest were wrapping her in warm blankets, and nursing her back to life, her little dog stayed by her side, every now and then licking her face, and whining pitifully. No one had the heart to turn him out. And when Minnie opened her eyes, and he saw that she was better, he was wild with joy.

Ever afterwards, if the little girl went very near the water, he seemed uneasy, kept close to her side, or came directly before her, as if to stop her, and would stand looking earnestly in her face, as though he tried to remind her of the danger.

A gentleman wanted to buy Brownie, and offered a very high price for him. But the miller, poor though he was, answered firmly, "No, sir; your offer is large, but no money can buy that dog. In the first place, sir, he *belongs* to my little girl, and it would grieve her sorely to part with him. And then, he *saved her life*! We count him *one of the family*!"

A DISTINGUISHED writer says: "I resolved when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

I CANNOT understand that morality which excludes animals from human sympathy, or releases man from the debt and obligation he owes to them. — *Sir John Bowring.*

For The Dayspring.

A PLUME FROM FAIRY-LAND.

BY CARL LIEMER.



GREAT many years ago, a little child lay upon a knoll of soft, velvety grass, just below those golden heights of Imaginarius where the fairies dwell. An old oak-tree towered above him, and its far-reaching boughs sheltered him from the too-glaring heat of the sun. Near him sat his mother, leaning against the tree, with her work in her lap; and, while she watched the slumbers of her baby boy, the air was suddenly filled with soft, low music, and a white dove flew down, and placed upon the bosom of the child a long white plume.

The young mother lifted the feather with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and as she fitted it with its silvery spray of wonderful brilliancy in the little cap, she heard these words clear and distinct through the low musical notes:—

"Little one of mortal birth,
Guard well this boon from fairies given;
'Twill save from many ills of earth,
And help thee gain a home in heaven."

When the child awoke, she put the cap on his head, and found the little face grew more beautiful beneath the softening shade of the feather; but she was not greatly surprised, for it was a fairy's gift. Then she took the child by the hand, and led him home to the little cottage behind the hill.

Years went by, and when the boy had reached early manhood it was necessary that he should go out into the world and seek his fortune. His mother explained to him how he came by the feather, and enjoined it upon him to guard well the treasure, and never part with it while he lived.

"I never will," he exclaimed, "but will try to keep it sacred as a trust from my darling mother."

It was a beautiful morning that our young hero, Paul, finally started from his home, gay and happy, with the plume in his cap; and, after going a great distance, he came upon a large and magnificent castle. The gates and doors were thrown wide open, and the place looked so inviting that he walked in, with many others who were entering.

Several broad flights of stairs led in various directions, and on them were golden lamps, burning perfumed oil. The fragrant atmosphere, the brilliant lights, and the far-off music floating through the air, enraptured our young traveller, and he determined to explore further.

He entered many beautiful apartments, but in one, very luxuriously furnished, he found the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She led him over a great part of the castle, and showed him wonderful things, and he was so delighted with these strange novelties that he spent many weeks in the castle.

One day, when his money was almost gone, and he was feeling very despondent, the young girl led him to a room where young men were playing games for money.

"This is not wrong," she said, as a look of doubt crossed her companion's face. "You see it is a simple amusement, and a trifle laid down only gives a zest to the game. Just try it once," she added, with a bright smile.

"Once could do no harm," thought Paul; so he sat down to try a game, and won. Then he played again and again, until a little pile of money lay near him; and, when flushed with success, his companion said to him, "Just think how easily money can be made, if you only

have some to start with. Write home for that, and you will soon be rich."

"No," replied Paul, thoughtfully, "my mother would not approve of it."

"Of course she would not," said the girl, "if you tell the nature of the business. Call it something else, and when you are rich you can make up for it by doing a great deal of good."

Paul stood hesitating for a moment in deep thought. His cap was in his hand, and as he looked up, the upper part of the plume threw out a brilliant light that showed him what he had never seen before in the soft twilight of this castle. He was startled to read over the door he had just left, "Gambling Den," and just beneath, "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." Before him, hanging in mid air, were these words: "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Trembling with fear, Paul started for the stairs, and scarcely breathed until he stood outside the castle walls. He found himself in a beautiful garden attached to the castle, and bounded on its further side by a very high mountain, whose top was far famed throughout the world. It was called Success, and very few reached the summit free from earth-stains, which were of a deep, dark color, almost impossible to wash off.

From where Paul stood he could see the plodders, some half-way up, others near the top, while many were just beginning. "I will try with the rest," thought Paul, as he started for the foot of the mountain.

"Begin from the castle garden," said a soft, low voice, "it will be easier;" and Paul turned to find the girl of the castle still with him. She led him to a spot easy to climb, where he found something in the steep pathway that he took for stones, and by using these he climbed much faster than

many who had been at work longer. In a few days he came to a tree full of golden fruit. It was beautiful to look at, and the girl raised her dark, powerful eyes to his face and bade him pick, for this glittering fruit would open every door and place to its possessor, and help him gain the top much sooner.

While she was talking, an occasional groan was heard. Then they seemed to rise from the ground, and at the same time a rustling in the plume of Paul's cap caused him to take it off, when, lo! the lower part was brilliant with a glowing light that shot into the distance, just as the upper part had done in the castle.

To his horror, he found he had been stepping on human beings, instead of stones, to gain his present elevated position; and he saw too that none could pick this golden fruit without crushing poor, defenceless ones who had fallen about this tree.

"I will give up all I have attained," cried Paul, as he turned to his beautiful companion, — but even she had changed. Instead of loveliness, she was old and wrinkled, and he fled from her as fast as he could go.

At the bottom of the mountain he found a horse, which he mounted, and travelled to that side of it nearest his home. When he reached the woods, the air was filled with the same fairy music that greeted his infant slumbers so many years ago, and the same pure white dove flew before him. He stopped his horse to listen, and sweet, low tones reached his ear, telling him he had been visiting the "Castle of the World," and the beautiful maiden was called "Temptation." He then learned too that his plume was divided into two parts, "Mercy and Truth," and so long as he guarded it sacredly, it would light his path through life.

Paul never forgot his lesson; and in after years, when he reached the top of this mountain, and had a beautiful home of his own, his mother helped him to teach, by example as well as precept, that "All the paths of the Lord are Mercy and Truth."

For The Dayspring.

HIS POOR.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

THOUGH the chilling, northern wind
Pipes aloud his bitter blast
Through the leafless, shudd'ring trees,
And the harvest's cheer is past,

Round the cheerful, kindly blaze
Close we draw at twilight's call;
Fear no frost, no storm, no chill, —
Home and hearth are warm for all.

All? Ah! God's own "poor" are here,
Knocking ever at each door;
Oh! to double every joy,
Share with them thy gathered store!

Feed the hungry — warm the cold!
Light afresh love's flickering flame;
Lift the fallen — speed the strong, —
Blest with joy, oh! give the same!

IN THE STREET.

A GENTLEMAN visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house, and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer, and to do all evil. O sir! it is in the street the Devil lurks to work the ruin of the young." — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

AN OLD HOUSE.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

ON a hillside, that overlooks a beautiful lake and smiling wheat fields, there stands an old brown house. There is a village near by, and every house in that village has been built since the building of the old one on the hillside. What is there so very peculiar about that little weather-beaten brown house? There is this. It is old, — very old; and, could it speak, it could tell you some strange stories. How different the aspect of the country now from what it was when the builder of that house was living! Many a time his slumbers were interrupted by long-drawn howls, and from the low windows he could see hungry wolves flitting about in the moonlight. Treacherous, cowardly beasts they were, and they came up from their forest haunts to steal his sheep and his pigs, and gladly would they have made a good square meal upon one of his children. Often has he shot them with his rifle as they came within gunshot. The beavers used to build their dams in the little lake at the foot of the hill. Wild geese and wild ducks congregated there. The timid deer and their still more timid fawns came there to drink. Indians skimmed its surface in their birch-bark canoes. Squaws hung their papposes to be rocked by the wind in the branches of the trees. Every thing was wild then. Now the woods have disappeared. Orchards and wheat fields are in their place. The lake is there, but the Indians have gone. The smoke no longer rises from their fires, and their loud war-whoop is no longer heard. Hark! did I not even now hear such a cry as only an Indian can give? No: it was the whistle of a distant locomotive, that brings to the

village a throng of visitors, and a bag full of letters and papers, and a thousand other things that the villagers need.

Now there is another house that I know of, but it is not at all like the little brown one. It is so small that only one person can live in it. It has two front windows, and through them the dweller sees all that takes place around him. Very often this solitary dweller is assaulted by enemies that would do him more harm than hungry wolves. You who are now reading about the little brown house, — *you* are the dweller that I mean. The temptations to do wrong that come to you every day are the wolves that would gladly destroy you. Your house is your body, and day by day it is growing older, and by and by you can no longer live in it. Where is the man who once lived in the little brown cottage? Gone, never to return. He has seen a village grow up around him. Another man now lives in his house. But no other person shall ever live in your house. When you leave it, very soon it will moulder, and no trace of it will be left.

How long it will be yours, you do not know. As I looked at the lake and the hill-slopes, and then at the brown house, I could not help wishing that the owner of it, now dead for many years, might be in a better country than even the one that was so lovely with all the sights and sounds of summer. As I look upon the houses in which so many goodly children dwell, I cannot help wishing that when their earthly house goes to decay, they may find a better one, in a country now unseen.

THERE are saints even in our own days. All that ever in times of old was great and beautiful and genuine in the world is still existing.

THE DAYSPRING FOR 1880.

WE hope to make "The DaySpring" for 1880 better than it has been in any previous year, but we cannot improve it much until we have more money to spend on it. If we could expend on it a few hundred dollars more each year we could make it a hundred per cent better than it is now. We urge our friends to do their best to increase the number of our subscribers, and the amount of the donations to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, that we may make "The DaySpring" better, and enlarge and improve the different branches of our work.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS for January contains Lessons XVIII.-XXI. of the Eighth Series. This series is devoted to the Teachings of Jesus, and the Lessons for this month are based on selections from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth chapters of Matthew. They are entitled "Jesus teaches Humility," "Jesus teaches Forgiveness," "Jesus and the Young," and "The Laborers in the Vineyard." Specimen copies sent free to any address on application to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

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FILL the mind and saturate the soul with truths of God, and there shall be no room for error.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A fish.
2. A pronoun.
3. Sick.
4. A vegetable.
5. The foot of a beast.
6. A period of time.
7. A contest between armies.
8. An intoxicating drink.
9. Large bodies of water.

The initials form the name of one tribe of Indians, and the finals the name of another tribe.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A vehicle.
2. A plain surface.
3. The hind part of an army.
4. A weed that grows among corn.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

EASY ENIGMA.

Christmas.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- | | | |
|-------|---------|----|
| 1. G | all | O. |
| 2. L | ebano | N. |
| 3. O | liv | E. |
| 4. R | ebecc | A. |
| 5. Y | ea | R. |
| 6. B | ethpale | T. |
| 7. E | noc | H. |
| 8. T | urni | P. |
| 9. O | d | E. |
| 10. G | az | A. |
| 11. O | lympi | C. |
| 12. D | at | E. |

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